



Quip-laden *Dulcinea's Lament* is a surrealistic fantasy ride

Breath-taking staging makes liberal use of computer graphics projected onto 3 screens

PAT DONNELLY, *The Gazette*

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What if legendary danseuse Isadora Duncan came back to life and tried her hand at stand-up comedy?

Imagine the possibilities and you'll be at least partially prepared for Dulcinea Langfelder's latest show, *Dulcinea's Lament*, playing tonight at D.B. Clarke Theatre of Concordia University.

This multi-media tour-de-force starring a wacky New York expatriate who chose Montreal and stayed is one surrealistic fantasy ride.

It all began with the dancer/actor /choreographer's exploration of her own name, which she shares with the idealized woman in the Spanish literary classic *Don Quixote*, by Cervantes.

Who was Dulcinea? Was she an errant knight's fantasy? A prostitute? A goddess?

Answering these questions proves to be a quixotic quest by a Chaplinesque performer, under the direction (thank heavens) of the gifted Alice Ronfard.

Langfelder performs as one possessed as she dives into this exploration of history, philosophy and feminism. Her body threatens to tear in two as her contemporary self grapples for dominance over the emerging ghost of Dulcinea, a Spanish-speaking dynamo who is furious that she has been referred to as a hooker.

Although this is a largely a solo show, Langfelder's four-man back-up team gets introduced to the audience first as the show kicks into gear. They act as stage hands, puppet manipulators (Don Quixote appears to be made of plexiglass), and in the case of co-musical director, composer and soundman, Danys Levasseur, a stand-in for George Harrison playing and singing *While My Guitar Gently Weeps* under a spotlight.

Besides delivering the quip-laden script, Langfelder dances naked under a huge white silk sheet, does a take on Betty Boop, and eventually launches into the song *Dulcinea* from the musical *Man of La Mancha*, proving that she's a far better dancer and comedian than a singer. But it all fuses together into a madcap whole.

Talk about dreaming the impossible dream.



Ronfard's staging, which makes liberal use of computer graphics projected onto three movable screens, is nothing short of breathtaking.

One Monty Pythonesque highlight is a parade of images of sacred female figures from around the world, all of them ready with the one-liners. Mrs. Yahweh had her complaints, too, after all.

This is a show that's not to be missed. But don't worry if you aren't able to catch it, in English, at Concordia tonight. On Dec. 4, it transfers to Espace Go for a 10-day, French-language run.

Also note that Langfelder's last major hit, *Victoria*, which explored the world of a woman grappling with Alzheimer's disease and a life in a wheelchair, toured the world for 10 years. So *Dulcinea's Lament* will almost certainly return again and again, in both official languages.